Mow. Then thus I turne me from my Countries light
To dwell in ſolemne ſhades of endleſſe night.
Rich. Returne againe and take an oath with thee,
Lay on our royall Sword, your baniſht hands,
Sweare by the duty that you owe to heaven
(Our part therein we baniſh with your ſelves)
To kepe the Oath that we adminiſter:
You never ſhall (ſo helpe you Truth and Heaven)
Embrace each others loue in baniſhment,
Nor ever looke upon each others face,
Nor ever writ, regreete, or reconcile
This lowring tempeſt of your home-bred hate,
Nor ever by adviſed purpoſe meet,
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,
'Gainſt Vs our State, our Subjects, or our Land.
Bul. I ſweare.
Mow. And I to keepe all this.
Bul. Norfolke, ſo farre, as to mine enemy,
By this time (had the King permitted us)
One of our ſoules had wandred in the ayre,
Baniſh'd this frayle ſepulcher of our fleſh,
As now our fleſh is baniſh'd from this Land.
Confeſſe thy Treaſons, ere thou flie this Realme,
Since thou haſt farre to goe, beare not along
The clogging burthen of a guilty ſoule.
Mow. No *Bullingbrooke*: If ever I were Traitor,
My name be blotted from the Booke of Life,
And I from heaven baniſh'd, as from hence:
But what thou art, heaven, thou, and I doe know,
And all too ſoone (I feare) the King ſhall rue.
Farewell (my Liege) now no way can I ſtray,
Save backe to England, all the worlds my way.
Rich. Vncle, even in the glaſſes of thine eyes
I ſee thy grieved heart: thy ſad aſpect,
Hath from the number of his baniſh'd yeares
Pluck'd foure away: ſixe frozen Winters ſpent,
Returne with welcome home from baniſhment.
Bul. How long a time lyes in one little word:

Foure lagging Winters, and four
End in a word, ſuch is the breat
Gaunt. I thanke my Liege, that
He ſhortens foure yeares of my
But little vantage ſhall I reape
For ere theſe ſixe yeares that he
Can change the Moones, and b
My oyle-dride Lampe, and tin
Shall be extinct with age, and
My inch of Taper, will be burn
And blindfold death, not let m
Rich. Why Vncle, thou haſ
Gaunt. But not a minute (King
Shorten my dayes thou canſt w
And plucke nights from me, but
Thou canſt helpe time to furrow
But ſtop no wrincle in his pilgri
Thy word is currant with him, fo
But dead, thy kingdome cannot b
Rich. Thy ſonne is baniſh'd upo
Whereto thy tongue a party-ve
Why at our Iuſtice ſeem'ſt thou
Gau. Things ſweet to taſt, prov
You urg'd me as a Iudge, but I
You would have bid me argue
Alas, I look'd when ſome of you
I was too ſtrict to make mine ow
But you gave leave to my unwill
Againſt my will, to do my ſelfe
Rich. Coſin farewell: and Vncle
Six yeares we baniſh him, and he

Flouriſh.

Au. Coſin farewell; what preſe
From where you do remaine, let
Mar. My Lord, no leave take
As farre as land will let me, by y
Gaunt. Oh to what purpoſe do
That thou return'ſt no greeting

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22313) LONDON, 1634 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA